THE

HARVARD LYCEUM.

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POETRY.

THE AD,

A POEM IN TEN BOOKS. BY J. LOWBARD.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

A general view of the moral and political effects of manufactories—The Tapestry factory in France particularly noticed—The overseer of it a very fat man—Camels'-hair shawls made of Fezzan sheep's wool—West country cloths—Scottish manufactories—Brogues and tartans—Book factories at London, and Edinburgh, &c.—Novels, Romances, Plays, Farces, and Travels—American book manufactories—Columbiad—Gordon's Revolutions—Lectures on the use of balm tea and dried catmint—German translation thereof.

THE third book opens with a disquisition on the moral and political influence of manufactories. The poet exhibits, at length, the beneficial tendency of the seclusion from the world, and the total ignorance of its manners, as well as of all other science, which is the lot of those employed in manufactories. He particularly displays the happy effects of their want of religious knowledge, by pourtraying the miseries that have afflicted the world, of a superstitious and fanatick origin. The following lines we consider very fine:—

Lo o'er the fertile fields, with giant tread,
The maddening monster, SECT, exalts his head.

Round his gnant form a ragged coat he throws,
And blows a blaze of discord as he goes.
From either pocket, labelled lists protrude,
Of frantick followers of each favourite feud.
Here a proud column under Calvin's name,
And there Jemima's mounts to equal fame.
Here Wesley's wantons o'er a lengthened line,
And Baxter's, sapient sage, and deep divine.
On every list the scrabbled names express
Of wisdom little, of handwriting less,
" His × mark," " her — dash," and every vulgar scrawl
Shine through the page, for SECT aspires to all, &c.

The progress of the dæmon is traced round the country. His insidious attempts to mislead the opinions of men are evolved with great sagacity, and exposed with infinite skill. We beg to quote the following lines.

And to that desk, where meekness should reside,
He mounts with heart of rancour, fraud, and pride.
With threat'ning speech the cheated ear assaults,
Makes sins of foibles, damning crimes of faults.
With mystick terrours fills the mental sight,
Or artful flatters, where he cannot fright.
Claims heaven's high thrones, as their prescription due,
Who (happy converts) in his steps pursue.
Should flattery fail, and every art be vain,
Should pride meet scorn, and bombast smiles but gain,
Swift round the country are the tidings poured,
The holy falsehood spread of insults showered.

In the notice of the manufacture of tapestry in France, the overseer of the works, who it seems is a very fat man, makes a conspicuous figure—

There a big bench, with tottering legs, up chairs
The overseer of these vast affairs.
Six feet from heel to head, and ten around,
The mighty master SPURRS the workmen round.
With fattened fist each dull delinquent bangs,
With griffin gripe each gossip ear he fangs.

With strengthy stick each pilfering finger clips,
And slaps, with smacking hand, the chattering lips, &c.

The fabrick of the Cashmire camels' hair shawls is shown to be constituted of Fezzan sheep's wool. The reflections of the Fezzan sheep lately imported into this country by Dr. Davis, upon seeing our degenerate flocks, are very pathetick :—

The poor lone sheep around him looks, but finds
All stranger flocks, all coarser, ruder kinds.
No silky fleece on Yankee carcase grows,
No pointed snout protrudes, nor fox like nose.
He turns disgusted to his hermit fold,
And sheds the tears, which pride in vain would hold.
" Ah me," he cries, " for this is all my fame,
" Among my native flocks, my glorious name ?
" Did my fine fleece, in silkier ringlets flow,
" And did its tint defy the northern snow,
" That I should leave that land, which gave me birth,
" And be a Doctor's slave, a Yankee's mirth ?"

The Scottish brogues are described with all the severity of an apparently strong prejudice, against the national character of the North Britons ; but as we disclaim all prejudices ourselves, we cannot consent to give Mr. Lowbard an opportunity of discriminating his. We shall therefore omit the highly poetical digression, on the manners of the Scotch nation, and barely present our readers with a picture of the High-landman, when his BROGUES are on, without telling him why or how they are made.—

See his slow steps, o'er slippery hills, advance,
Shines his oiled bow, and points his hunter's lance.
O'er the high crags his patient path he finds,
And heeds not pelting hail, nor driving winds.
Pursues the bounding deer, the hills along,
And cheers the mountain with sweet Ossian's song.
O'er Fingal's name with ardent passion dwells,
And thinks of Crugal's end, and wipes the tear that swells.

Mr. Lowbard burns with just indignation, as he is enlarging upon the shameful traffick of bookmaking in the English cities. Enumerating these mercenary, forced, and unnatural productions, he takes occasion to express his honest and salutary anger, at the prevalence and popularity of Novels and Romances.—

> The pert young Miss must toss her grammar by,
> To catch some Rose's* tear, or Helen's* sigh.
> Must disregard her Master's angry voice,
> To rage with Wallace,† or with Bruce† rejoice.
> Neglects the curious sampler's mazy plan,
> To trace the trenches of the plaided clan.
> On Sabbath day, her bible is forgot,
> While Don Sebastian reigns in every thought.
> At meeting—see her steady fervent gaze—
> Think you she listens, as the good man prays ?
> Oh no ! her mind recounts some lovesick tale,
> Or winds the tower clad hill, or caverned vale, &c.

By a very natural transition the poet crosses the Atlantick, and extends the severity of his satire to the Bookfactories of this country. Among the most prominent sons of the mercenary muse, he notices the Columbiad, a poem in ten books, by Joel Barlow; and demonstrates at length, that it was written principally to gratify party prejudices of politicks and religion. We are the more disposed to concede to Mr. Lowbard's strictures on the Columbiad the credit of candour, as he allows many beauties of versification, and some few correct principles, to be scattered about the mass of ridiculous poetry, scandalous morality, and disorganizing politicks. But the candour and moderation of Mr. Lowbard fail him, as he proceeds to Gordon's Revolution. We cannot forbear quoting part of his note on this work:—

* The respective heroines of the "Lake of Killarney" and the "Scottish Chiefs." *Ed. Lyc.*

† Principal personages in the "Scottish Chiefs." *Ed. Lyc.*

" But that a man, whose sacred profession should have in-
" sured impartiality, though he was disposed to violate it,
" and candour, however uncandid his heart, should, wan-
" tonly and without provocation, be guilty of unhesitating
" misrepresentations and plain falsehoods, is disgusting.
" For difference of opinions in matters of judgment, and
" discrepancy of authorities in balancing evidences, I readi-
" ly allow; but yet, after the reader's indulgence has con-
" ceded much, his justice must condemn much more, which
" his mercy cannot pardon." Note on line 582, Lib. 3d.

Mr. Lowbard has some humourous lines on the lectures upon Balm Tea and dried Catmint; but he reserves the spirit and quintessence of his wit for the German translation thereof; considering it particularly singular that a GERMAN should translate lectures against *smoking*:—

The dozing Dutchman, taught to write and smoke,
Translates each poignant gibe, and standard joke.
His puzzled pate for fitting phrase ransacks,
Supplies in verbiage, what in sense he lacks.
Culls each long word to fill the ponderous page,
To shame the follies of a spendthrift age.
Poor wight! thy conduct must a smile provoke:
A Dutchman trumpetting "we must not smoke."
What but thy pipe, fate sage, thy books could write?—
Quench thy cigar, we quench thy mental light, &c.
&c. &c. &c. &c.

Cambridge, Sept. 30, 1810.

Messrs. Editors of the Lyceum,

THERE is perhaps nothing to recommend the following ballad, except that it will save the readers of the "Lady of the Lake" the trouble of employing the glossary, in order to comprehend it, as it stands in the notes thereto. If you think that it is worth the room which it will occupy, it is much at your service. Yours, M.

LORD DYRING.....A BALLAD.

Lord Dyring about the land has strayed,
To seek for a fair lady bright ;
And he has found him a winsome maid,
As ever blessed mortal sight.

Together for seven long years they lived,
Seven children their board surround ;
Well they flourished, and well they thrived,
Till death made a dolesome wound.

This lady bright she is cold and dead,
And her husband did pine and plain,
But he sought another to fill her stead,
And he married a wife again.

He has married a maid, and brought her home,
But her heart was lordly and high ;
As she entered the courts of the lofty dome,
The seven poor children stood by.

She took from the babies their ale and bread,
" Hunger and hate I'll give ye ;"—
She took from the babies their downy bed—
" The rough straw your bed shall be."

She took from the babies their bright wax light—
" Now in the dark turret go lay :"—
The babies they wept the livelong night,
And they wept the livelong day.

Their mother, though pent in the darksome grave,
Heard their cries, from the lordly dome :—
Leave of grim Death she has knelt to crave,
That to earth, that night, she may come.

So hard she begged, and she begged so strong,
That Death gave her leave to go ;—
" But I charge thee do not stay away long,
" Come back ere the cock does crow."

The marble heaves, and the earth it opes,
And she comes to the upward air ;

Her midnight path right on she gropes,
While her bones are stark and bare.

When near the castle she came, though 'twas dark,
And the mid of night had fell,
The dogs they raised a fearful bark,
They raised a mournful yell.

She entered so bold the castle hall,
Her eldest daughter stood there ;
" Where are thy brothers and sisters so small,
" Where are they, my daughter dear ?"

" Indeed you're a woman both fine and fair,
" But no mother, I pray, of mine ;"—
" How should I be fair, since the grave is my lair,
" But I *am* a mother of thine."

" My mother was white, as the lily or rose,
" Her lips, as the pink, were red ;"—
" No white like the lily the dead e'er shows,
" No bloom of the pink the dead."

She came to the tower where the babes did lie,
She kissed away every tear ;
To the eldest daughter she says, " now hie,
" And send the Lord Dyring here."

She dressed up *this* with a mother's care,
Another she brushed so clean,
Like a mother she combed the *third* one's hair,
And folded his ruffle so sheen.

When Dyring entered the chamber there,
She, in angry mood, to him said,
" I left ye plenty of food and fare—
" My babies are crying for bread.

" I left behind down beds for the night—
" My babies on straw they lay ;
" I left behind me the bright wax light—
" Their room is not cheered by a ray.

" If ever I visit thee, Lord, again,
" Woe, sorrow, and ill be thy share."—

Then spake the new wife, " with might and main,
" I'll watch for your babies' fare."

When the dogs bark, they still tremble for fear,
At the thought that the ghost is nigh ;
When the little cur growls, they think she is near,
And shake till she passes by.

DOUBTS.

" ——————Our doubts are traitors,
" That make us lose the good we oft might win,
" By fearing to attempt."

THE extremes of truth and falsehood, of certainty and uncertainty, are so confounded, and so melt into one another, that the most acute penetration is baffled at their nice distinctions. Demonstration and probability seem to be inseparable companions through the various ranges of arts, sciences, and life. We ought in every instance gladly to grasp at the former, and the less qualified we can attain the latter, to receive it with the greater satisfaction. It should never be damped by doubt ; we should decide upon it, we should act upon it; it should be " to us the very guide of life."

Doubts, or at least those of any considerable magnitude, are generally the resort either of wilful ignorance, or inveterate indolence. One misfortune however which they possess is, that by them indolence is never extirpated, nor ignorance enlightened. The entrance into their labyrinth is dark ; its recesses are still more so. The thread of truth as we advance becomes more entangled and perplexed, till at length it is distracted and lost amidst those involutions of universal gloom and horrour.

" How shall I act ?" " Deliberately, cautiously, and with " the most mature consideration," answers the man of real

prudence. " From the impulse of the passions, and the in-
" clination of the moment," cries the crazy votary of caprice. And what says the moping man of doubts ? " Act not at all." O, might I suffer the consequences of inconsiderate conduct tenfold aggravated, rather than remain so detestably neutral, petrified, and cold ! " Act not at all !" Neglect the demands of duty, and decline the possession of pleasure; and then hug yourself for not having miscarried in the attainment of the one, nor the performance of the other. Turn not your eye on heaven, because there may be a hell. This is the laaguage of these worse than cowards, these dead weights in society, these " *improbi, in quibus nihil virtutis,* " *nihil animi, nihil nervorum.*"

There is a certain well-known class of writers, though, God be thanked, it is nearly as small as it is contemptible, who attempt with their utmost labour to establish this proposition, that *every thing is doubtful.* Now mark their inconsistency. If they prove their point, that very proof implies a contradiction of the principle in question. If they do not prove it, they are certainly employing their own and their readers' time very unprofitably, and deserve to be neglected, or to be

" ——————upwhirled aloft,
" And cast o'er the backside of the world, far off
" Into a limbo large and broad, called
" The Paradise of fools."

When I undertake to read the works of these doubting authours, the first and principal doubt I allow my mind to be darkened with is, whether they are men of any sense and credibility. As I proceed however in the examination of them, my mind is not long tormented with uncertainty ; for the most irresistible conviction of their deficiency in certain requisites is forced upon me ; and while the book in the twinkling of an eye is at the other side of the room, I am

happily relieved from any apprehension respecting the principles it contains.

But let us leave these visionary Pyrrhonists, and consider the nature and consequences of doubts in circumstances of real life. Many a character shall we find rendered ridiculous by the indulgence of them ; many a scene darkened by their dismal shade.

Mercator was a man of acknowledged industry and sobriety ; was indefatigable in improving every opportunity to acquire riches, and by his exertions had obtained a valuable vessel and cargo, which he intended to put off to sea as soon as possible. On the eighteenth of December, 1807, a most favourable western wind arose, and seemed to join with the impatient mariners in urging him no longer to delay. But it was Friday, that unlucky day, and Mercator *doubted.* The voyage was postponed till the morrow ; but alas, the neglected Æolian god could not brook the insult of having his late favour slighted, and from his southeast quarter burst forth on Saturday the most terrific tempest that ever swept our shores. Thus was " the schooner Sally" *embargoed* by Providence, until a more improvident embargo, on the twenty second of December, confined her to the dock for a twelve month. It may perhaps be useful to state, that the stores rotted, the schooner went to decay, creditors assailed, insolvency ensued, and the family of Mercator now acquire a miserable subsistence by begging from door to door.

Ardens was a very sincere and devoted lover. For two whole years, during which time his mistress gave him ample encouragement, Ardens had every day made up his mind to offer proposals ; but it always happened that, just on the point of addressing her, he *doubted.* One day however he resolved ; and I verily believe that, so strong was his resolution, it could have been damped by no apprehension whatever. But unfortunately, in love as well as in marriage af-

fairs, some things are more substantially formidable than mere apprehensions ; for just as he entered her house, he found his beloved, faithful Wilhelmina in the arms of another !

Insulsus is a most profound thinker. Notwithstanding his superiour talents and excellence over most of other philosophers, Insulsus has not been able from " many years' " close study and experience," as he calls it, to discover who created the Deity, nor why the earth does not describe a square about the sun, instead of a circle. And therefore he *doubts*.

****** is a student with good intentions, but with human failings. He awoke this morning at a quarter before six, but he *doubted* whether it were yet four o'clock; and the impolicy of arising so early obliged him prudently to betake himself to sleep again, which however he had not long enjoyed, before the matin bell roused him from his slumbers, with the embryo of a lesson in his head, generated the preceding evening amidst the fatigues of the day, and the drowsiness of nature.

How long, O ye faint-hearted ones, will ye then grovel in the dark. Will ye still be averse to the purity, the happiness, the rationality, of knowledge and activity ? Doubt, then, and creep among the dust of ignorance. Doubt, and hover on the brink of happiness, for the want of a little generous, well-timed enterprise. Doubt, and forego a heaven of joys on earth, and heaven itself hereafter. Finally, doubt, and suffer the consequences. *Rom.* xiv. 23.

LETTERS TO A STUDENT.

No. I.

THE following is the first of a few letters, which are prepared, on some of those topicks, which are of principal importance to a newly entered Student. They are from very respectable authority, and will command respect for the pertinence and importance of their injunctions. *Ed. Lyc.*

September 16, 1810.

YOU have now, my dear son, reached that period of your life, which has long been the subject of your most interesting anticipations, and of my most anxious solicitudes. Though I have few fears that you will lack instructions on any points of duty or conduct, yet I cannot refrain from adding my parental injunctions to the recommendations of your governours. " Hi libri inter Cratippi commentarios, tan- " quam hospites erunt recipiendi."

You have not now to learn that I consider your moral acquisitions, as far more momentous than your intellectual; and let it not therefore surprise you, that the subject of my first letter to you is rather your heart and your soul, than your mind. I need not remind you of what I know you are aware, that had I not thought you would become better in proportion as you grew wiser, I should have exerted my influence and authority, to place you in some safer and more obscure station than a university. But as I know your notions are too correct, to think that the most brilliant or profound accomplishments in science, unaccompanied by correct principles in religion and morality, are any thing else than potent instruments of mischief and misery, I will not occupy your time in telling you, that the necessity of the cultivation of the heart can never be superseded by the improvements of the understanding. Let them both, my son, grow together. Let their qualities and faculties tend to their constitutional perfection, by suitable attention to both.

Study to improve in good affections, and to impress the obligations of religion, while you invigorate your judgment, enliven your imagination, and quicken and strengthen your memory. So shall your moral virtues give direction to the faculties of your understanding, and they in their turn impart energy to your moral virtues.

To be more definite, I cannot forbear repeating my admonitions, as a confirmation of those you will hear from your Professors, with respect to the Lord's day. You know very well that to attend publick worship, with regularity and punctuality, and even to engage in the services with interest, is not all your duty on the Sabbath-day. Those parts of the day, which may be employed perhaps to the greatest advantage, are those which the economy of college directs you to spend in your chambers. But I fear you will be assailed by temptations, perhaps influenced by example, to be deficient in this part of duty. I must warn you not to yield to those calls of convenience, which would ask the consecrated hours of Sunday for your literary exercises. Resist them, turn a deaf ear to them, my son ; you will find it grow easier every day, and if you make the resolution, and practice upon it with firmness, you will speedily acquire the habit of regarding holy time as forbidden as holy things ; and you will soon look with as much dread on misusing the hours of Sunday, as you would on plundering the communion table. You can have no inducement to break in upon the time, appropriated to things of more than literary importance, which would not cast an imputation on your talents or your industry : And remember, I charge you, that as no one can do the former, you let no one have cause to do the latter. The week is enough for your weekly exercises ; and when Saturday night comes, prepare your lessons for the Sunday recitations. Do not think it a hardship or disgrace to recite the scriptures or the writings of good men. Learn to disregard that fashionable tattle, which never was

employed by sincerity, but is the standard text of hypocrisy, "it is wrong to study on Sundays." Believe me, it is circulated only by those who need compulsion to do this duty, who are eyeservants in religion, and who crave the moments, which the Sunday exercises require, for light and vicious books, for the impious turbulence of untimely dissipation, or for the sluggish indolence of sleep. After you have prepared these exercises, you will hardly find it difficult to devote a little time to good books, and to *the* good book. It will not be a novel duty; and I pray you do not let your admission to the university be the era of declension in sober attention to the affairs of religion.

Let me give you an admonition, which I trust is utterly unnecessary, and which I give you principally that you may have the pleasure of comparing your conduct with it, and seeing that it comports with it. I mean that, which you have heard so often, and minded so well, "Swear not at all." I assure you that the plea, which those, addicted to the practice of profane swearing, employ in its defence, viz. that it is done with no blasphemous or irreligious design, and, that it gives spirit and credibility to assertion and denial, is delusive and mischievous. The practice will infallibly weaken your moral sense; and it tends to burst through with presumptuous familiarity those reverend shades of terrour, which surround the name of Deity, and which the purest conscience alone may hardly dare to penetrate.

See then that you go to meeting steadily, that you consecrate your Sabbath day to the Being who blessed it, and that you preserve your lips from profane impurities. Do not join the too general ridicule, that awaits concientious sobriety and inflexible integrity. Remember Pope's description of vice, and dread its serpent fascinations. Be studious and prudent, my son, and you and I shall bless the day, in which you were admitted to college.

Your Affectionate and anxious Father.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ORCADES.

—"AND so it is, Mr. Surly, so it is a very wrong thing, "to let her starve to death. The poor soul is no more able "to live without victuals, than you are; and I wonder you "a'nt ashamed to come to me, with any such proposals. A "pretty fellow you must think me, indeed, to have nothing "better to do with myself, than stand sentry over young la- "dies, in old tower prisons. I tell you again, Mr. Blackface, "I'll have nothing to do with it." "But you need not speak "so plaguy loud Solomon. I suppose you dont want to "trumpet the news round the glen. We shall have every "farmer within a league about us, if you dont talk softlier." "Dont come here then with your barbarous proposals. I've "half a mind to go and tell Mr. Lockemup what you're "about. A few months tarry at Edinburgh or Glasgow, in "the gaols, would make you wish you had done nothing "about locking up poor girls. "I see," said Blackface, as "he passionately retired, "that I can do nothing with the "foolish methodistical madcap. What a'plague good "comes of going to your schools? If it hadn'nt been for "them, this Sol. here would have been as manageable as old "Chesnut."

This humane steward continued his way towards Castle Horrour. It was about eleven o'clock in the evening. The moon was sailing along in silver splendour, now and then obscured by a flitting cloud, from which it would soon burst forth, and shed its pearly lustre over the landscape. The view of Glencrag was delightful at this hour. The reverend moss-clad rocks, that hung their threatening heads on high,

> "As if an infant's touch could urge
> "Their headlong passage, down the verge."

seemed like the impregnable battlements of the paradise of

Yemen. The lofty beach and towering palm waved their verdant leaves in cool luxuriance, which reflected the undulating rays of the cloud enthroned moon. A gurgling rivulet wound its meandring course from the foot of one hill to that of the other, now rolling on in placid serenity,

" While not a breath of wind flew o'er its surface :"

Now dashing with angry brawl over stones and branches, which had lain for ages in the channel of the brook. The winged tribe were calling forth all their powers of feathered harmony, and every hollow oak and every grotto-rock echoed their unsophisticated simple songs. On the summit of the hill, that bounded the prospects, stood the frowning walls of Castle Horrour. The rays of the moon turned, with instinctive terrour, from its ramparts and denied their heavenly light

" To towers so guilty, to such horrid spires."

Did not the calm beauty of the landscape in perspective, did not the silent season of moonlight contemplation, broken by no sound, but the ponderous chime of the castle clock, did not all these move the cruel purpose of Blackface? No. " By the devils of Orkneys, and the square stones of Icolmkill she shall die: and if that poor driveller refuses to watch her in confinement, till she starves to death, this dagger shall accomplish speedier, surer dissolution." His barbarous soliloquy was interrupted by a shrill whistle.

" Wild as the scream of the Curlew,
" From crag to crag the signal flew."

It was answered by fifteen more, and his passage was opposed by sixteen banditti, who sprung up from their ambuscade, in the rocks of the glen. " Yield or die," said a rough voice. " Follow fellow," was accompanied by a knock with the but end of a pistol, from another. Blackface

yielded, where opposition would have been fool-hardy, and followed with reluctance and desperate submission. The band had arranged themselves in the order of march, and commenced their course northwestward, placing their captive in the centre. They advanced till day began to streak the eastern sky, with assurging waves of ruddy light, fair harbingers of day. They then encamped in the recesses of a gloomy dale, and after necessary food and securing their prisoner, retired to slumber. How the day was passed is of no consequence, but at nine in the evening the march was resumed. Thus they travelled night after night, till they reached the northwestern extremity of Scotland. Here they took a boat, and all entering, they embarked for the farthest of the Orkneys. Sailing along through the group of isles with clouded canvass, they soon reached the place of their destination. They anchored off a bay of the island Rothsay, and the captain proceeded to take an observation with his quadrant. Having determined, with great accuracy, a certain situation in the vicinity of the vessel, a large cylindrical box, like a puncheon without heads, was hoisted out of the hold, and embarked, with the crew of the vessel, in the boat. They proceeded in the boat to the place, which the chief had been ascertaining by his observations; and placed the box perpendicularly in the water, which was about two fathoms depth. They then pumped out all the water, which was contained in the box, and Blackface beheld with astonishment that the banditti, one after another, leapt into it. When it was his turn to enter he found, at the bottom, a trap door, which opened the entrance to the subterranean retreat. The door was closed after them and two of the band were left above to remove the box, and carry it in the boat to shore. This they did, and the waves, closing over the track, concealed it forever from mortal sight. The banditti thus secured in their inscrutable lair proceeded onward through ****

IMITATION.

" O imitatores, fervum pecus, ut mihi sæpe
" Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri morere tumultus."

IT is so much easier to steal than to work, to borrow than to buy, to build upon another's reputation than to establish one of our own, that we are no longer surprized at the vast herd of thieves and pickpockets, swindlers and counterfeiters, in the civil and literary world. It is indeed a melancholy reflection, that plagiarism should increase with the severity of the penal laws against it, as the current coin of a nation is counterfeited with more ingenuity and success the more vigilant the people and the heavier the penalty. We have some consolation however in knowing, that the triumph of ignorance is short, and that guilt contains within itself the seeds of detection; that the literary pedant, who, like the jackdaw among the peacocks, pushes himself into notice by assuming the garb of learning and retailing driblets of literature, soon betrays himself by his monotonous cackling, is stripped of his borrowed plumage, and expelled in nakedness and disgrace from the society of his betters.

Of all the kinds of imitation which plagiarism has invented or ignorance continued in the world, none is more contemptible than the adoption and repetition of the peculiar terms and phrases of distinguished authours. Perfect originality is not expected, nor can it ever be attained. But every man who has any pretensions to knowledge, who is not a slave or a dunce, will depend upon himself for the modification and expression of his own ideas. The scholar, to be sure, will avail himself of the works of others as extensively as possible. The knowledge however, which he gains from them, he incorporates with his other stock, and it as much constitutes a part of himself as the various food which refreshes and sustains his animal system makes a

part of his corporeal nature. But as none of the food that he eats, displays its original qualities of shape, and colour, and origin in the body which it supports, so neither should his mental food indicate its origin, or impart its various peculiarities to the subject it nourishes. And, if one may be allowed the supposition, should the different parts of a man's body correspond to the shape of the different animals he fed on, so that in one part he should resemble an ox, in another a sheep, in the third a calf, a turkey, &c. he would not exhibit a more absurd compound of heterogeneous matter, than the literary coxcomb, who reads only to quote, speaks only to recite, whose transparent brain reflects the title pages of the whole circle of belleslettres all exhibited at a single view.

" Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri," is a good critical as well as moral maxim. And whoever considers the ridiculous extent to which this ridiculous practice has been carried, will be undetermined whether the plagiarist merit pity or contempt. " I have seen a play," observes a celebrated authour, " written professedly in the style of " Shakspeare, wherein the resemblance lay in one single " line,

' And so good morrow t'ye, good master lieutenant,'

" and sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the " utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, *nev-* " *ertheless* was constantly *nathless*, *embroidered broider'd*, " *hermits eremites*, *disdained 'sdained*, *shady umbrageous*, " *enterprise emprise*, *sweet dulcet*," &c. &c. &c. How many thousand scribling pedants do we see, who, in their imitations of Burke, have nothing but his extravagance, of Johnson, nothing but his pomposity, and of Junius, nothing but his scurrility. Imitation and fraud are indeed now so common, in the literary world, and fashion, the dictate of taste, so imperious over the minds of men, that a really honest and original inquirer after truth can hardly obtain a hearing or

find any one to second his laudable emulation. But as was before observed, it is some consolation to know that the triumph of ignorance is short, and that diligence and exertion united to a candid and liberal mind will eventually obtain a reputation and success superiour to the mockery of deceit or the imputation of fraud.

LIMON.

".....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

IRONY.

ΕΙΡΩΝΕΙΑ, " Dissimulatio in oratione." *Hedericus.*

IRONY, " A mode of speech in which the meaning is contrary to the word." *Johnson.*

.....

PERHAPS no writer of the English language is so unrivalled in the use of this bold and delicate figure, as the Dean of St. Patrick. Notwithstanding, however, his high reputation for all kinds of burlesque and ironical composition, and the wonderful effect they produce on the imagination of the reader, Dr. Wharton in several critical annotations in the works of Swift severely censures the too liberal use of this figure. In the fifth chapter of his " Art of Sinking in Poetry," the Irish satirist observes, " I will venture to lay " down as the first maxim and corner stone of this our art— " that whoever would excel therein must studiously avoid, " detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and " workings of that pestilent foe to wit and destroyer of " fine figures, generally known by the name of *common* " *sense*." " This," says Wharton, " is too strongly express- " ed. Directly, and without palliation or disguise, to recom-

"mend absurdity is false writing and unnatural to a great "degree. So also is the beginning of his tenth chapter," which is this—"we cannot too earnestly recommend to our "authours the study of the abuse of speech," &c. Notwithstanding our high veneration for the profound learning and critical acumen of the above mentioned annotator, we cannot help thinking that he has mistaken the true definition of IRONY, both as it is given by philologists, and generally received among mankind.

The perfection of this figure consists in complete dissimulation. The apparent meaning must be wholly inverted in order to ascertain the real sense. Swift is remarkable for the use of this figure in its original sense and spirit; and we find both in speaking and writing ironically, the more perfect the concealment of the authour's meaning, the better is his design answered, and the greater the effect produced. Besides, Wharton's objection will apply to all parts of Swift's satirical compositions, which are too classical and universally acknowledged correct to admit of any such imputation.

ODE TO HAWKE.

WE regret that we have not found an opportunity of preparing a translation to the following ode. It may recommend itself to the American reader, from the consideration of the tune to which it is adapted, which is "Yankee Doodle." Should any of our readers find themselves so disposed, we should be very happy, would they exert their lyric powers in a translation, which shall grace the greenest bank of the Limon.

JAM Hawkius magnanimus
Gallorum vires fregit,
Eosque (læti canimus)
Se dedere coegit:
Ex octo longis navibus
Vix binæ rediere,

Vulneribusque gravibus
Millia periere.

Innumeros viriliter
Captos avexit heros ;
Tractavit at civiliter
Et infidos et feros :
Hos una cum sex navibus
In patriam portavit
Iisdem bonis avibus,
Queis fortiter pugnavit.

Hæc clara tam victoria
Sit bonum, precor, omen,
Britanniæque gloria
Et augeatur nomen ;
Fame vel ferro pereant
Dum Galli odiosi,
Et captas naves mœreant
Hispani furiosi.

Quo virtus ducit aspera
I, numine favente,
Et hostes manu prospera,
Dux, comprime repente :
Te numerus senarius
Honestat, ut Vernonum ;
Nil cives habent clarius
Illo, ni te patronum.

NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM HOOPER.

WE cannot sufficiently express our regret, that the character of the greater portion of this number, is of a light and humourous nature ; and are sorry that its general aspect does not comport with the solemn notice, we are bound to take of a very affecting event. We can offer as an apology both to our consciences and the judgment of our readers

that much more than two thirds of the pages were printed, without the reflection that the rest must pay the tribute of a farewell lamentation over a departed brother. So frequent indeed, so sudden, and so awful have been God's visitations on our university, that its members must be worse than thoughtless, and worse than indifferent to require, that they be enforced by any attempt at moral observations or practical improvement. But we cannot persuade ourselves to dismiss a classmate to the other world, without telling his worth, our affection for him, and our loss.

On the first of this month, departed his opening life WILLIAM HOOPER of Marblehead, aged twenty, and a member of the seniour class at college. Called thus, as he was, without the warning of an infirm constitution, and without the preparation of lingering decay; called from the flush of youth and the bustle of exertion, by a violent and sudden attack of a nervous fever, his friends have the consolation that he had little to repent of duty neglected, and nothing to atone for of vice committed. That his last reflections were disturbed by no fears but those of frail man, trembling on the verge of eternity, and harassed by those anxieties for a future state which arise from a lively estimation of its felicities. They will have the satisfaction of speaking of his moral virtues, as models, and referring to them as examples, as well as of considering them as his humble assurance of future happiness. They will have too the higher satisfaction, that their departed friend was not content with mere morality, and that the assent of his understanding was not granted only to the excellence of virtue; it is a cause of congratulation to them and it will be a cause of triumph to him, that he had convinced his judgment of the truth of the Gospel doctrines, and had warmed his affections by their precepts and examples. His piety was fervent and rational, his professions sincere and heartfelt, and his practice cor-

rect, virtuour, and irreproachable. What an addition then is made to our bereavements farther to reflect, that as a scholar Hooper was a model of literary application, unwearied industry, and ambitious exertion! His is the reputation, and an enviable one it is, of having employed attentively, judiciously, and assiduously every mental power which God had given him.

One more good scholar then is dead. One more is added to that awful list which is swelling to such monitory size; to that mournful catalogue, which has received some of the proudest names of American literature. Who can be certain of a moment's life while his companions and his father are falling around him! This is the fourth student, who, in the short space of three months, has quitted the scene of his hopes, his exertions, and his enjoyments. Let us remember then, that the shaft of death falls where it is least anticipated, and that it may strike a soul less prepared for the wound than was Hooper's. Let us humble ourselves under the hand of Providence and implore, that if long life be our destination, it may be virtuous, and useful, honourable to God, creditable to ourselves, and valuable to society, but if we must bid farewell to our earthly associates in the dawn of the morning, we may be transferred to those light realms of day, where virtuous friends will meet forever.

ERRATA.

Page 146, line 23, for "prescription," read *prescriptive*.
147, 24, for "discriminating," read *disseminating*.
149, 24, for "fate," read *fat*.